FIVE

New Letters

FROM

OSTEND,

Sent by ſome

Engliſh Soldiers

Which were in the late

BATTEL

BEFORE

MONS,

To their Friends in *London*.

With Allowance.

LONDON: Printed for D. M. 1678.

Letters from OSTEND.

LETTER I.

To the Dear Mrs. A. N. *living in* Old-ſtreet.

THat ravenous Bullet, my dear *Nancie*, which robb'd me of my Left Hand, was yet merciful in its choice, that it ſpar'd me my Right one to write you of the Misfortune; yet it's well it miſt my Heart, ſince your fair Idea is ſo deeply imprinted therein, that it would have been not only guilty of depriving me of Breath, but of that much more cruel and Sacrilegious Fact of deſtroying you in *Effigie*. In the heat of Battel, the Martial noiſe of Drum and Trumpets Chorus'd with the dreadful ſhreiks of dying Men, could not drive you out of my Memory; but on the contrary, the hopes of that undiſturbed happineſs I ſhall injoy when I ſhall graſpe you in my Arms, fir'd me to do Actions worthy ſo incomparable a felicity. Should I hear that you were too laviſh of your Tears at the news of my Wound, the tidings of your grief would trouble me more than either my

BIBLIOTECA BOUVET

my pain or misfortune: but to prevent that watrie tribute which I am confident your affectionate Heart will be too prone to exact from your fair eyes, I do assure you the Surgeon does not doubt of my Recovery.

I am at present in good temper of Body, and do enjoy in common with the rest of the Wounded Men here about me, all things fit for persons in our condition; so that I doubt not but to live to tell you what dangers I have been in, and what more I would willingly imbrace to be esteemed, as indeed I am,

The most faithful, &c. *of your Servants*, I. D.

LETTER II.

I Doubt not, dearest *Betty*, but you have heard of the late Ingagement; but could you imagine what danger I was in, you would either have concluded you should never hear from me again, or if you did, that I must have dated my Letter from the Grave. I know not what our Ghosts do, or where they inhabit after Death; but sure I am, if they retain any tincture of our Souls whilst we live, mine would sometime or other have been so kind, as to whisper you in the ear, that I dyed yours. Your fair form, ever since I had the first blessing to behold it, fill'd my Amorous Breast so full of Love, that there has never since been any

room or vacuity left for the re-acception of any other paſſion. This I but lately experienced for a truth: for although it was my fortune to be placed in the midſt of this obſtinate Rencounter, where I might eaſily behold all the diſmal effects of a Bloody Battel, wherein all the circumſtances of Horror and Amazement were drawn to the Life, and I my ſelf one of the buſie Agents to make it more terrible; yet neither the conſideration of my own danger, nor a compaſſion of my fellow-creatures miſery, could work in my repleniſht Breaſt the leaſt propenſity either to fear or pitty; ſo full was I of *you*, that methought every Man I ſaw was your Enemy, and I only ſtood in your Vindication: this imagination whetted my Sword, and poyſoned my Bullets againſt the Enemy, ſo that in effect, I fought for you as the deareſt pledge in the World, I invokt you as my Saint, I prayed to you, and in fine, was either delivered by you, or for you; in hopes of the latter,

Yours or Deaths, R. W.

LETTER III.

To Mrs. H. L. *in* White-chappel.

THe Affection, dear *Hannah*, you ever doubted, is now come to the teſt, and by good fortune I have lighted on your Brother to do me this favour of writing you my Condition. He aſſures

fures me alſo to acquaint you that Heaven and you are the two laſt things I ſhall think of in this world; and indeed I do not know but this very thought wherewith I inſtruct him what I would have you know, will be my laſt, it being my good fortune (for ſince your cruel denial you know I never coveted to live) in the beginning of this Engagement to be ſhot off by a Cannon-bullet almoſt in the middle: my Intrals are not onely diſcernable, but ſome of them broken, ſo that I am in continual expectation that friendly Death will now quickly rid you of that wretched Creature whom you never thought worthy your Eſteem. Ah, my dear Miſtriſs, could Paſſion compound for an Eſtate, or might an entire Affection have been thought ſterling, I had certainly been the richeſt man in the world. I was indeed a Miſer in Love; my Heart was the Coffer, and with a greedy ambition, if it were poſſible, I too much Idoliz'd the Treaſure I hid therein. Envy me not my preſumption in adoring you, ſince my inpropitious Stars have on your ſide eſpouſed the Affront, and ſufficiently revenged my ſacrilegious Attempt; yet ſince my Crime was onely Love, and that ſo pure, that Angels might own it without giving the leaſt blot to their more-refined Converſations: ſince, I ſay, my Crime was onely Love, let your Hatred die with me. Purſue not your Cruelty to the Grave, nor let your potent Frowns diſturb my melancholy Perambulations in the other world; where if, when

your happy days shall be expir'd, it shall be my fortune to meet you, I will tell you so sad a story of my former Affection, that *Hero* shall weep, and *Leander* be asham'd, that they could not love like

Your Dying Servant, M. S.

LETTER IV.

For Mrs. J. F. *in* Golden-lane.

WHen I had escaped the danger I was in by our engaging the *French* before *Mons*, I could not, my dear *Jenny*, (with whom I have ever wasted my most happy minutes, and in whose retentive Bosom I have often lodged, with good success, my most important secrets) but hold my self obliged both by the Laws of Love and Friendship to give you information of my safety. 'Tis true, at first when I saw both sides draw up into Battalia, I quarrel'd with my self that I could not shake off some little fear, which in spite of all my resolution crept into my thoughts at the apprehension of those dismal effects which must needs be the result of so desperate a Detachment: 'Twas then I turned my Face homewards, and with a deep Sigh and heavy Heart, gave thee a lowd Farewel; which I had hardly done before the Martial sound of War called us to Battle; at

ar which, as if I had been in a Trance before, a native rage fled through my Engliſh-blood, and quite diſperſt thoſe timorous thoughts which plagued my breaſt before. I ſhall forbear the particulars of that great Action, becauſe I queſtion not but you have heard them ere this: I ſhall onely therefore acquaint you that our Engliſh, according to their old cuſtome, behaved themſelves to admiration. That *R. B.* and *T. M.* had the honour to die in the field of Honour.

Your truely loving Friend and Servant, I. C.

LETTER V.

To E. W. *in* St. Giles *in the Fields.*

THou know'ſt, honeſt *Comrade*, I ever had a ſtrange curioſity to be ſome petty Actor in a remarkable Fight; Methought the diſcreet ordering of an Army, the expert drawing up of ſeveral men, and they of divers Nations and Languages, into Battalia, and making them capable of obedience under the ſame words of Command; the glittering of Swords, the clangor of Trumpets, the noiſe of Drums, the ſhouts of the Victorious, the ſhreiks of the Oppreſſed, the neighing of Horſes, the roaring of Cannon, the clattering of Muſquets, the flouriſhing of Colours, and a thouſand other remarkables which muſt needs happen in thoſe fatal

tal Conjunctures, were objects too glorious for a common eye. And therefore I had a great desire to be an Agent in the Debate betwixt us & the *French* on the 14 instant, where I beheld all, and more than I could imagine before: and trust me, honest *Ned*, it did me good to see it so bravely disputed on both sides; but especially to behold my Countrymen under the Command of our never-enough-to-be-celebrated General, doing wonders, and like Bulworks under showers of Bullets, which rained on them from all sides. To see whole heaps of the slaughtered on both sides lying hudled together, whilst their blushing Blood, as if ashamed of their lifeless Trunks, in the heat of action collected into Rivulets, and silently glided through the busie Army. I could write thee Miracles, but want leisure at present: Know then, that *D. T.* was wounded, and *R. H.* killed in the Battle; and that I continue, as I ever was,

Thy true Friend, &c. L. S.

FINIS.